

Hymns

PS for the Hours.

3513

J87H8

1896

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.**

PS 3513  
Chap. \_\_\_\_\_ Copyright No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shelf U 37 H 8  
1896

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**





# Hymns

FOR THE

# Hours.

*I love Thee, Father, not because  
This is Thy sovereign will,  
Because Thy hand created me  
With true and loving skill.*

*I love Thee, not because with Thee  
Abideth strength and health,  
Because Thy favour makes men great  
And blesses them with wealth.*

*I love Thee for Thy purity,  
Thy purity of fire,  
Whose flames ascend for evermore  
In infinite desire.*

*I love Thee for Thy face serene,  
Whose beauty glows with light,  
Reflecting all the fragrant prayers  
That rise from out our night.*

*I love Thee, Father, for Thy love,  
I know not how nor why;  
I only know I yield to Thee  
A love that cannot die.*

# Hymns for the Hours

OF DAY AND NIGHT.

---

A SEQUENCE OF

DEVOTIONAL SONNETS.

---

KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE, Ph. D.

PHILADELPHIA:

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.

103 South Fifteenth Street.

1896.

60590 - B<sup>2</sup>-1

PS 3513  
U 87 H 8  
1896

Copyright, 1896,  
by  
**KENNETH S. GUTHRIE.**

## CONTENTS.

---

FORENOON . . . . .	7
AFTERNOON . . . . .	21
EVENING . . . . .	35
MORNING . . . . .	49

## COMING.

The fairest harmonies are those that come  
Unsought, descending gently from on high  
Like cooling dew, to still the fragrant cry  
Of saints by adoration overcome.

The noblest songs of man are not his own :  
They burst through lips that have been  
cleansed by fire,  
From glories traveling to heights still higher,  
Never to rest until before the throne.

No human singer ever did create  
A veritable song. It is the song  
From all eternity unsung that seeks  
Sufficient purity to incarnate.  
Hence, if a man would sing, let him but  
long  
For God ; and it is God, not he, that speaks.

HYMNS FOR THE  
FORENOON.

## FIRST WATCH OF DAY.

### THE AIM OF LIFE.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	6.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	6.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	7.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	7.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	8.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	8.30

---

## SECOND WATCH OF DAY.

### THE INSUFFICIENCY OF THIS LIFE.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	9.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	9.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	10.00
Fourth Half Hour . . . . .	10.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	11.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	11.30

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

We know not who we are, we struggling  
souls,

Who live this earthly life of smiles and tears,  
Of sleep and labour, sorrow, joys and fears,  
Now strong young gods, now swine whom  
lust controls.

At times, when we recall the words of youth  
We see in them strange glories, now re-  
vealed,

But then declared in ignorance, and sealed  
Unto the hearts that spoke them forth as  
truth.

We know not who we are, nor who we were,  
Nor who, in consummation, we shall be :  
Vestiges faint of glories not of earth

Are faith's sharp spurs to souls who feel the  
stir

Within their womb, of spirits strong and  
free,

Learning to claim the visions due their birth.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

The heart of man will not believe the whole  
Creation groans and travails in its pain  
Together until now, to bear, in vain,  
A still-born hope to manifest a soul.

The soul of man will not believe that all  
Her year-long sorrows were but deadening  
dreams  
Of horror, driven through her life by streams  
Of eddying chance ; herself, a rolling ball.

The mind of man will not believe the life  
Of all humanity has not some end  
Transfiguring each life with purpose, till  
Eternity should hold each soul's small strife,  
And every single soul should learn to blend  
Into the complex whole of God's great Will.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

If such an end exist, what can it be?  
Not strength, not wealth, for none must be  
debarred,  
And many are the weak, and poor, and  
marred;  
Not mastery, for many are not free.  
  
Not male or female occupations, since  
Both man and woman must attain the same  
Divinity, and both must claim  
The right an equal courage to evince.  
  
What then is common to the human race?  
Duty, and selflessness, and lustless love,  
Such as the angels bear to babes that die  
Ere Heaven's brightness fade from off their  
face;  
This is the common end of man, to look,  
    above  
Man's own fair stars, to God's eternal sky.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The end of man is God. The destiny  
Of every human soul is to be made  
Like Him in living glory, when the shade  
Of earth shall have been lost in brighter day.

And as the love of God is so intense  
That God Himself were not complete without  
Some human want to fill, some human doubt  
To crown with certitude through chastened  
sense,

Just so the human soul were not complete  
Without some reaching out in vague unrest  
Into that realm where human will is grace

Divine ; where sundered souls may meet,  
Where real manhood is the Vision blest,  
Now dim and vague, then clear, then face to  
face.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

Forgetful of the kingdom that awaits  
Our conquering love, we grovel in the dust,  
We play with toys, we dally with our lust,  
And trick ourselves contentedly with baits.

And then, like waifs forsaken at the gates  
Of some ancestral, long-abandoned hall,  
When pain is on us, bitterly we call  
Into the silence, till our life abates.

Shall no great hope transfigure all our life  
With glories, and with might, and majesty?  
Shall no high destiny bid terrors cease

Amidst the agonies of earthly strife?  
Shall we fore'er forget our home on high  
In light, in love, in everlasting Peace?

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

The real life of man is lived alone  
Amidst the flaming hosts of kindred souls  
That surge in cosmic tides, and drift in shoals  
Of stranded life, in seas to sight unknown.

At times, the nearest souls with prayer and tears  
Would fain live down the distance; but though hands  
Clasp hands, an ocean sunders their two strands,  
And an eternity their inner spheres.

For every spirit has his destiny  
That calls him out into the fuller light  
Of still a lonelier presence, till the sight  
Of God Himself, and His eternity,  
Until man's sight itself begin to cease,  
And naught remain but Love, and Light,  
and Peace.

*Here beginneth the Second Watch.*

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

We live our real lives alone, between  
The howling beast whose dwelling place we  
are,

And the unborn Divinity, so far  
Beyond us, though so near, because unseen.

From out this bitter loneliness we see  
That all that we accomplished was God's  
Will,

Discerning by the Spirit's loving skill,  
Through dead events, God's voice of liberty.

Such are the truths discerning hearts can  
find

For consolation through the darksome night,  
Although to grosser eyes mere foolishness.

Yet, if we taste of peace within God's mind,  
We pray to be deceived by error's might  
If such a darkness bear such perfectness.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

Who shall report what lies beyond the veil  
Of flesh? At times, man hears the mystic  
moan  
Of spirit-oceans round him, feels unknown  
Floods of intelligible fire. Then, pale  
And trembling, he believes that there must be  
Somewhat beyond his reach, somewhat be-  
low  
The depths of his desire. If this be so,  
Man's love must be a shadow to that sea  
Of light, whose smallest spark he deems  
Glorious enough to be the very end  
Of all. And if that be, beyond the grave,  
What waits for him, if he can breast its  
streams,  
Shall he not fiercely with himself contend,  
And gladly die his real self to save?

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Were it quite just that every human soul  
Should have but one existence on this earth,  
When want, and ignorance, and sinful birth  
Have barred so many out from self-control?

The same perfecting peace must be the whole  
Creation's end : but patent is the dearth  
Of passing souls of a sufficient worth  
To see, at once, God's face :—the final goal.

Sown in corruption in an earthly grave,  
The body may perhaps for ever die ;  
Raised in the tears and vows of wasted lives  
Each soul that has not won must once more  
brave  
These cosmic storms that sweep through  
land and sky  
Where God shall make her strive till she re-  
vive.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The pangs of death just stilled, the naked soul

Helplessly hung amidst eternal night  
Shivering at void immensity. The whole  
Heavenly host had fled before death's might.

With all her unrepented sins, her fears,  
The guilty soul stood powerless face to face;  
Now demons grown, they mocked her bitter tears,

Her unmeant prayers, her hates, and her disgrace.

“Grant death, O God! My sins have lit the morn

Of Hell!” The demons mocked, “There is no death!”

The soul was thrust to earth and once more born.

God is the end of all that draweth breath:  
If one life bear not love, then God makes more,

Till souls shall find His presence, and adore.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

"Give us the watch-word!" Guarding angels  
cry . . .

As upward flies a soul, but late sense-freed,  
Unto the fiery gates of stars, to plead  
For entrance to the mansions of the sky.

"If thou have not lived into thine own eye  
By tears, by supplications, and by need  
The Light from which up here all things  
proceed,  
Even in Heaven thou could'st not God de-  
scry."

The fearless soul recited then, in vain,  
The Creed her childhood's lip had learnt.

She pled  
In vain all she had ever hoped to find above.

Slowly the gates of fire began to wane,  
Weeping the angels passed away—One said  
"Go back to earth once more . . . and  
learn to love."

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Not every soul that left the primal breast  
Of God, to actualize His love on earth,  
What time the morning stars sang out its  
birth,  
Shall certainly again attain His rest.

The road is long, not measured out by days,  
But centuries and yearnings and defeats ;  
The spirit-guidance, late vouchsafed to heats  
Of spirit-anguish, fails at every maze

Of thoughtlessness and passion. Finally,  
The mere belief that there exists some rest  
Beyond these travails, leaves the soul in  
night

Of purposeless despair at every cry.  
Not every soul that left the primal breast  
Of God, shall once more stand within His  
sight.

HYMNS FOR THE  
AFTERNOON.

## THIRD WATCH OF DAY.

### PRAYER.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	12.00 M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	12.30 P.M.
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	1.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	1.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	2.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	2.30

---

## FOURTH WATCH OF DAY.

### DEVELOPMENT.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	3.00 P. M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	3.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	4.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	4.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	5.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	5.30

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

How sad the messengers of God must be  
To find some human soul they came to lead  
Into a higher presence through her need,  
Self-satisfied, oblivious of the plea

Herself had raised with passionate design  
To God ; and thus unable to receive  
Or even recognize the new reprieve  
Which her own prayers had wrung from  
Love divine.

The misery of man's forgetting prayer  
Is nameless. Would to God we heard  
Forever threats of vengeance for the ill

We have committed : but, that were too fair  
A road to Heaven ; we must guess God's  
word,  
And then remember Him, then do His Will.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

I know not if there be a sadder sight  
For purer eyes than ours, than souls whose  
prayers  
By tears were winged up Jacob's angel stairs  
And answered with intelligible light,

Who use the Spirit's gifts to humiliate  
Theniselves more deeply before flesh and  
blood,  
To worship death more thorcughly, till the  
flood  
Of bitter after-lust o'erwhelm with hate.

How sad to clear the vision, but to see  
More of the evil camped around the soul ;  
How sad to cleanse the heart from earthly  
love

To have more power to hate and disagree ;  
And this to chance by lack of self-control—  
By mere forgetting of the Home above !

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

We never cease from prayer. Sooner, the fire  
Shall downward sweep its sparks, and thus  
transgress

Its laws divine ; sooner the seas shall press  
Skywards, and quench the light the stars  
inspire.

Desire is life, and life is but desire  
Interpreted by human consciousness :  
And so desire of some kind must possess  
The love-lit soul till she expire.

The doubt is not whether or not we pray,  
But what the object of our prayer shall be ;  
Whether the object bring us peace at last,

Or lead us further flesh-ward from the day,  
Nearer unconsciousness,—less free,—  
Less strong, less pure,—more bound unto  
the past.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The Lord of Heaven at times must grow  
full sad

(If sorrow may afflict a heart divine),  
To see His earthly children only glad  
When finding in their growth some hopeful  
sign.

His mighty father-heart must yearn to beat  
Tremor to tremor with some instant prayer  
Raised by a needy heart, for comfort sweet  
To some less needy heart whose wounds  
gape bare.

Those are the prayers which make God's  
eyes more bright,

God's Hand more powerful ; that make Him  
feel

Himself more fully God within the sight

Of angels grown more spiritual, who kneel  
In holier rapture of a holier love,  
And higher seek a higher height above.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

It is not heaven that is closed or dead ;  
Our eyes are blind unto the hallowed host of  
light  
That camps around our dwelling day and  
night,  
To keep the demons from our heart and head.

In every noble action we are led  
By guides who love us with God's heavenly  
might,  
Seeing in us alone the good and right  
Their purer eyes alone have ever read.

With ceaseless supplications, cries, and  
tears—  
Stronger than ours,—they wait the destined  
day

When we shall see God's beauty face to face—

When we shall know what now our hopes  
and fears

Prove and disprove ; when we shall feel the  
ray

Of light intelligible crown His grace.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Kneeling at mothers' knees with piety  
We heard of God, and Heaven, and Love,  
and Peace,  
And all those sweet strange words that never  
cease

Like angels's words, to kindle purity.

Nor do they fail in life's long misery ;  
They comfort still, from passion still release ;  
Still haunt the souls that strive not to de-  
crease

In might of faith, of hope, of charity.

No great foundation of the inner life  
Is learnt as new in age ; in early years  
The child absorbs, but cannot realize

The final revelations which, in the strife  
Of selfishness subdued by pain and tears,  
Must crown the soul, and leave it pure and  
wise.

*Here beginneth the Fourth Watch.*

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

Forever breaking on her rock-girt shore  
There is no respite for the bitter sea  
Whose thousand voices rise incessantly  
Unto the sky above in thund'rous roar.

Unless he be deaf-born, none can ignore  
Their sound ; except he turn and flee  
Until upon the mountain-summits, free,  
His voice alone resound,—the sea's no more..

So, when a man has striven year by year  
'Midst all the voices but to hear his own,  
It is no sign that God's has passed away

From souls who live with Him, and hold  
Him dear.

It is not God Whose light has dimmer grown,  
But man, who journeys self-ward from the  
day.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

The miracles of God are still to-day  
As close man's heart as when the earth was  
young,

Although th' apparent glories that then clung  
To altar and to cross have died away.

The path from earthly night to heavenly day  
Can never change until an angel's tongue  
Proclaim a new divinity among  
New needs new human beings would display.

And so, when man has failed in any task  
The Spirit had imposed upon his will,  
And easier tasks replace what seemed too  
hard,

These are no shorter roads ; they merely ask  
For longer time to make man's passions still,  
Since victories hasten, and since falls retard.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Sad is the day on which an aging soul  
First wakens to some cosmic harmony  
Which wooes no answering ecstasy  
Within herself. Vainly she feels its roll,

Mastered again by all her still-born dreams,  
Trembling again with passionate desires  
To vibrate passively unto the fires  
Of elemental being's restless streams.

She would not grieve, if she but knew the  
day

Was fast approaching, when on joyful wing  
She should ascend from out her youth's poor  
choice :

No more a universal symphony,  
Lost in the song the morning stars still sing ;  
Now one clear, single tone, of God's own  
Voice.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

There is no sadder sight than men of age  
Who, looking for the glories of their life,  
Are forced to turn once more unto the strife  
Divine, which in their youth they dared to  
wage,

But which, as years wore on, they were afraid  
To carry to successful issue, lest  
They should thereby lose power, wealth or  
rest ;  
Or which they just forgot through prosper-  
ous trade.

If man would but not waste his precious  
might,  
The highest God Himself would incarnate  
Within the heart-strings of His creature's  
prayer,

Would crown the forehead with the halo's  
light,  
Would cleanse the eyes until they saw the  
great  
And glorious majesty man too should share.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

In silent majesty the dying sun  
On frozen darkness breathes his living light,  
Throbbing with all his destiny's delight  
To give out life before his course be run.

No world is barred the joy that he has won,  
If it will but abandon distant night,  
To come and breathe within his sea of might,  
And spread God's light as he before had  
done.

God is so good, no prayer could make Him  
change  
For better gifts the joys He has bestowed :  
But man can change himself ; may draw full  
near,

To God's transfiguring love, or may estrange  
God's messengers, and feel the brutish load  
Of Vengeance weigh him down from hope  
to fear.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Because the sky in blue magnificence  
Gloweth through the ages 'round God's starry  
frame,

Men deem it calm, ignoring the acclaim  
Of cosmic storms, and their fierce vehemence.

Because man's body, like the world of sense  
Remains from day to day almost the same,  
He deems his mental states likewise may  
claim

A dead inertia, endless, restless, tense.

Deep in the depths the tides of life both flow  
And ebb unceasingly. Their sough foretells  
In harmonies prophetic, weird and low,

The mysteries of God, Whose love impels  
In waves still partial, human joy and woe,  
To woo the soul wherein His image dwells.

HYMNS FOR THE  
EVENING.

## FIRST WATCH OF NIGHT.

### THE LANDS BEYOND.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	6.00 P.M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	6.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	7.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	7.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	8.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	8.30

---

## SECOND WATCH OF NIGHT.

### DEATH.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	9.00 P.M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	9.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	10.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	10.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	11.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	11.30

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

In what glad ages wert thou born, O Soul,  
That thou art dreaming still on earth of  
    peace,  
When thou art caught in wheels that cannot  
    cease,  
The cosmic surge of suns, the planets' roll?  
  
To what glad ages art thou destined, Soul,  
That thou art hoping still on earth for light,  
When brave men faint amidst the gathering  
    night,  
And strong men fail of even self-control?  
  
From what glad ages hast thou come to me  
Into the realms of weariness and lust?  
To what glad ages art thou destined still,  
Forsaking stream, and land, and sky, and  
    sea?  
Thy purity could not be born of dust,  
It could not end in aught but God's great  
    Will.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

On many planes souls mingle. At times  
they meet

As flesh to flesh, when either startled soul  
In humiliation flees the flesh's control :  
Degrading victory, or base defeat.

As mind to mind some souls each other greet,  
With earnest questionings, which, not the  
whole

Of due communion, still approach the goal  
Of bodies meeting as the spirit's seat.

But when the eyes instinct with love divine  
Seek kindred spirits, and in love contend  
To purify weak souls that still have need,

Then man at length finds his own self divine,  
Then God will crown men's foreheads as  
they bend

To His great Will of love in thought and  
deed.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Th' external world is neither good nor bad.  
The ocean cannot love, nor can it trust ;  
No moral qualities attach to dust,  
To air, to rain, to mountains verdure-clad.

Unto the weary soul all things are sad,  
Unto the pure all things are pure and just ;  
All things are base unto the eye of lust,  
All things bring blessings to the true and glad.

And so, if man finds evil on this earth,  
It is within himself that it exists  
As he misused his opportunities ;

The saint sees God in everything of worth,  
A dazzling beauty which no soul resists,  
A satisfying maze of harmonies.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

Heaven and Hell ! Weird facts in well-worn  
name !

Unseen, unheard, still known and hoped and  
feared ;

Changing with every age, and yet the same,  
As close to-day as when man first appeared.

Men see in others what themselves they are.

The sun were gloom, were not the eye first  
light :

The lustling deems men brutes from beasts  
not far,

The saint sees God's own image through all  
blight.

Hell is perhaps the curse forevermore,  
Helpless to interfere, to watch this life  
And only see what we once felt before—

Blindness and failure, pain, and hate, and  
strife.

Heaven, to see young souls each day new-  
born,

Loving and calm, awaiting faith's great  
morn.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

Heaven is not a place beyond the glare  
Of deepest star, to which with magic flight  
The sense-freed soul is wafted through the  
night

Of death by some kind angel's watchful care.

No ! heaven is the present memory  
Of all the loving acts our wavering soul  
May have conceived and purposed with the  
whole

Of her intensest love-capacity.

Which soul, when off her earthly husks shall  
fall,

Will stand in all her native dignity  
Before the highest presence that her love

On earth have made her able to recall,  
Singing the holiest chant her purity  
Awakens at the sight of God above.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Eternity ! which one of us shall ever know  
How long, how near, how spiritual thou art,  
How bestially we live from thee apart,  
How wilfully we languish, dying slow !

For we believe that thou art peace, although  
We cannot yet conceive thy counterpart ;  
Mere harps and palms can never crown a  
heart,  
External glories are but passing show.

Perhaps the angels' crown shall be the cares  
Of souls that have not yet passed on from  
earth

Made holier by a willingness to die ;

Perhaps the angels' palm shall be the prayers  
Offered through saints still struggling for  
new birth,

Presented by themselves once more on high.

*Here beginneth the Second Watch.*

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

Somewhere beyond the stars must be a land  
Shrouded in sombre calmness, where the  
light

Of suns cannot bring gladness nor at night  
The pallid moon refresh the weary strand.

In leaguered hosts still spirits round it stand,  
While tearful sobs and prayers, and cries unite  
In one tumultuous passion-hymn their  
might—

Wild sounds that God alone can understand.

It is the land in which our still-born prayers,  
Forgotten aspirations, loves, and pains,  
Await the consummation of all things.

Who knows but at the last the God of cares  
Will crown, for every soul when she attains  
With her forgotten life the love she brings?

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

What time the sinking sun has filled the sky  
With pulsing glories, ere he pass away,  
While star wakes star with trembling silver  
    ray

Prophetic of the midnight galaxy,

The weary shepherd glances far on high,  
Wondering o'er what lands beyond the sun  
Shines in his fulness,—now that the day is  
    done,

Now that the light grows mute, and calm the  
    eye.

Look at the hills of death, weak flesh and  
    blood,

Draw from them strength in trial and in ease,  
Remember the beyond unknown in all

But that each sin shall meet us by the flood  
Of gloom with fiery hand outstretched to seize  
Us by our hopes for self, to make us fall.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

By plague, by flood, by hunger, blood, and  
fear,

The Lord shall plead with every soul of man,  
Till He whom none can see and live, appear,  
According to His own appointed plan.

Then shall His own new-born at last behold  
The King in all His beauty and delight,  
Midst seas of seraphim of living gold,  
Loving his love, and lightening his light.

Cast forth into eternal solitude,  
Dark, silent, chill, forgetful and forgot,  
Dead in an everlasting bestial mood,—

Shall souls who sinned fore'er despairing rot?  
God knows. Ah, let us love, be true, be  
pure,

While we may change ourselves, while hopes  
endure,

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

There is no death. What seems to die away  
But changes unessential form and place,  
And so-called ownership ; for God can trace  
Each love-born atom back into His day.

For, after all, there is no good desire  
Or quality in man, that be not light  
Of God refracted through the creature's night,  
Since human life is love, and love is fire.

No true prophetic song has ever died ;  
But journeyed on from heart to heart, from  
    tear  
To tear, athwart the generations, still  
Gathering the prayers of saints from far and  
    wide,  
In one great hymn that those alone can hear  
Whose only joy it is to do His Will.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

No human soul can utterly belie  
Her destiny unceasingly to grow  
Around somewhat outside herself, and so  
To live in others, and for them to die.

Some souls have therefore given up their will  
Unto the feverish flesh and all its lust,  
Blinding themselves to God with earthly dust,  
Till evil was their good, and good their ill.

Some souls live in their fellow-souls  
Who live in them ; while others still endure  
The curse to see their blessings prove a  
blight.

These are the loved of God whom He con-  
trols,  
Jealous lest they should rest in aught less  
pure,  
Than in the very fulness of His light.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Who has not heard the voices of the night  
Dying away into the midnight calm,  
When wandering winds grow weary in their  
flight,  
And sleep has silenced sorrow, strife, and  
psalm?

Who has not felt the hush of loneliness  
Calming each stifling sense's feverish lust,  
Quenching each want and every bitterness  
With hope of coming rest amidst the dust?

That is the hour of hours, the spirit's morn,  
When man may stand erect and claim man's  
right  
To worship and adore ; when cries, upborne  
On wings of prayer may reach the throne of  
light :  
When angels hover near, nor ever cease  
To sing, to those who list, of God's great  
Peace.

HYMNS FOR THE  
MORNING.

## THIRD WATCH OF NIGHT.

### REPENTANCE.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	12.00 M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	12.30 A.M.
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	1.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	1.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	2.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	2.30

---

## FOURTH WATCH OF NIGHT.

### OPPORTUNITIES.

---

First Half-Hour . . . . .	3.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour . . . . .	3.30
Third Half-Hour . . . . .	4.00
Fourth Half-Hour . . . . .	4.30
Fifth Half-Hour . . . . .	5.00
Sixth Half-Hour . . . . .	5.30

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

The ancient forest-larch, whose roots strike  
deep

Into the earth, whose crown springs starward  
high,

In silence waits the midnight wind to sweep  
From out its boughs dim mists of melody.

What joy must thrill its swaying boughs to  
hear

Waked from their dead inertia, harmonies  
They knew not they could yield, so sad and  
clear

That die in silent, quivering ecstasies !

Not less does man, with feet on lifeless earth,  
With kingly heart, whose love can conquer  
pains,

Stand mute, until, each sense at rest,

The spirit-waves close round him, and give  
birth

In the passive soul to long-forgotten strains  
She once had sung when on the Father's  
breast.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

These is no use, when fallen, to repent,  
If that repentance be but grief or shaine,  
Without new works accomplished to pro-  
claim

The past has been belied with full intent.

Our many failings never to lament,  
And not to ask forgiveness for the same,  
But straightway every weakness to disclaim  
Would be the manliest course we could in-  
vent.

We weep at first because we try to raise  
New motives to break loose from destiny—  
We weep at last because we did succumb

And naught but Heaven can our cause  
espouse:

But prayer to God for help is blasphemy  
Unless determined fully to o'ercome.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

There is a fairness in the gloaming's flight  
No other hour of the day e'er knows :  
Although when in his noon the sun's deep  
    glows  
Be more intense and yield more true delight.

There is a sadness in the dying light  
A calm despair of desolate repose  
That stirs the breast much more than deeper  
    throes  
Of pulsing gloom at middle of the night.

Youth has weird glories in its weariness,  
Its bitter, living, self-controlled despair  
Which certainty shows forth as fraught with  
    ill ;

There is a magic sadness in the press  
Of doubts that stifle with their lurid glare,  
Which the might of spirit-faith must scorn  
    and kill.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

It was a legend of the Church of old  
That her dear Master, at the time He died  
Was past man's middle age, and thus had  
tried  
Each fear, and proved each hope that man  
can hold.

And thus the early fathers gladly told  
How Christ, a child, stood by the children's  
side ;  
To youths, a manly youth devoid of pride,  
To men, a man, as any free and bold.

It is but right that each and every age  
Should perfect be, and feel the Master near ;  
Not ever reckoning some other time

In past or future the completed stage,  
While present duty scorned, must disappear,  
And dim God's glories in their dawning  
prime.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

What hast thou done, O soul, with all thy dreams,

Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?  
Hast thou dismissed them whilst oppressed with cares,

As hollow sea-foam, bright with vivid gleams?

They were thy precious primal heritage,  
The warrant of thine own divinity;  
The guides that should have found thy destiny,  
The staff and pillow of thy pilgrimage.

What hast thou done with all thy dreams,  
O soul,

Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?  
Until thou find them, all the world despairs,

And thou canst never hope to reach thy goal.  
Wake them again! call back their glorious light!

They are thy heaven, thy sword, thy shield,  
thy might.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

For human souls each hour of conscious life

Is but an opportunity to rise  
Or fall, to learn to worship, or despise,  
To love or mock, to win or lose the strife.

Each act is fatal, since each upward leap  
Emboldens and empowers the soul to dare  
To seek horizons wider and more fair,  
Along an easier path, although more steep.

Each act is fatal, since each downward fall  
Implies a long and dull forgetfulness  
Of every former certainty and might;

Implies an utter disbelief in all  
The aims of life, in love, in tenderness,  
Resigns the soul to lust, to fear, and night.

*Here beginneth the Fourth Watch.*

## FIRST HALF-HOUR.

The iron rock, whose crown defies the might  
Of cycled seasons through unfolding years,  
Will break to dust before a change appears  
To dwarf or magnify its glorious height.

The sleepless ocean suffers, day and night  
From stream to cloud a round fore'er com-  
plete,  
And thus can fall and rise, and then retreat  
Ever the same, eternal, infinite.

No fate, no astral curse, no siu-got fears  
Can predetermine that a soul should range  
The wilds of her hereditary ills :

Begotten of herself in cycling years  
At any hour she may begin to change  
Her flesh, her mind, her spirit, as she wills.

## SECOND HALF-HOUR.

Without the darkness, there would be no light,

Nor waking state, without a previous sleep ;  
Without the evil, none the good could reap,  
Without the sorrow, none could know delight.

Without a hell, with which to learn to fight,  
No man could conquer Heaven's rugged steep :

And were not hell so infinitely deep,  
None e'er could measure Heaven's endless height.

The origin of evil is as clear  
As that of good—neither exists alone ;  
If man has no free choice, he has no worth;

And if no moral worth, he cannot fear,  
He has no hope, no palm, no crown, no throne :

He has no spirit, and is merely earth.

## THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Although man's life may be accounted long,  
Since oft he wearies of it ere it end,  
It is but short, for it can comprehend  
But just so many deeds,—some right, some  
wrong.

No youth returns, no deep desire for prayer  
Unsatisfied, can wake again the soul ;  
Each later one is sadder, and the whole  
Of life's great hope less true—more vague  
and bare.

Wandering dreams and senseless sleep debar  
The soul from reaching out to meet  
The messengers of comfort from above :

Which soul, when she shall pass beyond,  
one star  
The less will light, one angel less will greet,  
One smile the less of God shall calm with  
love.

## FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

Men rarely pray but when some pressing  
need  
Has stricken down their lusting souls with  
shame  
Or sorrow. Then, awaked, at last they claim  
Escape from justice, and for mercy plead.  
  
And when their guardian angels intercede  
For them with God, for the glory of His  
name,  
They yield again to lusts they overcame,  
And drift along the tides when these recede.  
  
That will be heaven, when man has learnt  
to pray,  
In joy, success, delight, and happiness,  
As fervently as when in bitterest pain :  
  
When man has learnt to praise and to obey  
In fear, in sorrow, or in weariness,  
With love as deep as when his love was gain.

## FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

In olden times, whene'er a man was born  
Into the world from out his mother's womb,  
The wise men stood around all wrapped in  
gloom,

Weeping with anguish on his life's first  
morn.

Did they not know one spirit more was torn  
From out the Father's breast to meet his  
doom,

To make a destiny, or fill a tomb,  
Of all his pristine beauty shorn ?

Earnest and sad should be a day of birth,  
When to this crowded solitude's despair  
Infant, one more predestined god appears,

And stakes upon his hopes his hard-earned  
worth.

Silence ! Let prayer speed upward, future  
prayer !

He is arrayed in all his mother's tears.

## SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

"Rejoice," wise men of olden times did say,  
"Rejoice, ye mourners, crowding round this  
bier!"

Death prophesies the triumph-day is near!  
Rejoice that one more soul has passed away!

Not that the sun shines not with golden ray  
Through azure depths in which is hid each  
sphere

Whose lights amidst his universe appear  
When night has calmed the dream of dying  
day.

Rejoice that one more soul has crossed the  
shore

Into the silent land of peace, where bide  
Worn souls, until their time be all fulfilled,

That they may purify themselves still more!  
But now, rejoice! She rests, that here was  
tried,

Her pains have left her, and her cries are  
stilled!"

## GOING.

At break of day we often disbelieve  
The truths we held at middle of the night :  
At noon, with passion, dare invoke a fight  
Forgot and stilled ere darkness crowns the  
eve.

The youth will languish for the things that  
grieve  
The many tottering years of failing sight ;  
In health he labours for some wild delight  
Which sickness questions, lest its sweets  
deceive.

Amidst these eddies of eternity,  
We strive to stand unmoved, though they  
impress  
Wrinkles of age upon our weary soul,  
Whose solitude becomes her destiny  
Unless she learn that all these pains express  
God's Will to those who make His love their  
goal.

*So still, in Thy dear Hand, I lie—  
Thine own forever, God of light;  
In utter service to Thy Will  
By voice of day, by star of night.*

*Nearer to Thee, my Destiny,  
My Joy, my Crown, my Strength, my Rest;  
Draw me to Thee that I may sleep  
Forevermore upon Thy Breast.*





PS  
3513  
26

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 459 3

